

# The INNIS HERALD

INNIS COLLEGE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

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**INNIS PINBALL TOURNAMENT**  
The Innis College Student Society will be holding a 'pro-am' Pinball Tournament on Thursday, February 15, 1979.

Play will begin at 9:00 a.m. and the finals will be held approximately 4:00 p.m., at the Innis Pinball Room.

Entrants must be a team of two people, one a 'pro' and one an amateur (having played very little, if any, pinball before). Contestants **MUST** be available to play during their scheduled time slots.

Entries will be accepted until 4:00 p.m., Monday, February 12, 1979, and a list of scheduled matches will be posted on Tuesday, February 13, 1979.

Matched will be best total score (of 6 games) and prizes will be awarded to best 'pro', best amateur, and best team.

Enter, in Room 116 at Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue (St. George & Sussex — Rules posted).

**COME ON OUT AND PROVE THAT YOU ARE A PINBALL WIZARD, OR JUST DAMN LUCKY!**

## FORMAL

Once again this year, the Innis College Student Society will be holding its annual Informal Formal.

This year's event will be held in the Trillium Restaurant at Ontario Place, on Saturday, March 10.

The bar opens for cocktails at 6:00 p.m. and dinner starts at 7:00 p.m. There will be dancing afterwards to the sound of 'Masquerade'.

The price of the ticket is \$10.00 for an Innis person and \$15.00 for a non-Innis person. Tickets are available in the I.C.S.S. office (room 116) from either Wendy Balderson, Anita Bredovskis or Dave Finlay.

So — come on out to the Third Annual Informal Formal!

(Laura Rowen, Innis student, future president of Alpha Phi (she is running for president) is today looking for material for a seminar on permafrost.

Shella Goldgarb says Rocky was wearing red shorts with a white stripe

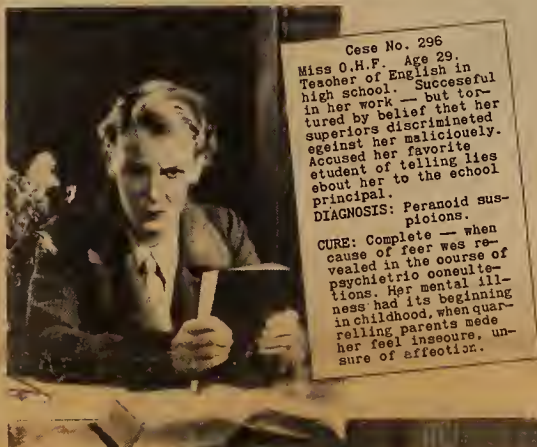
Don't forget the  
Beatle's Party  
Go

# Innis

Saturday night

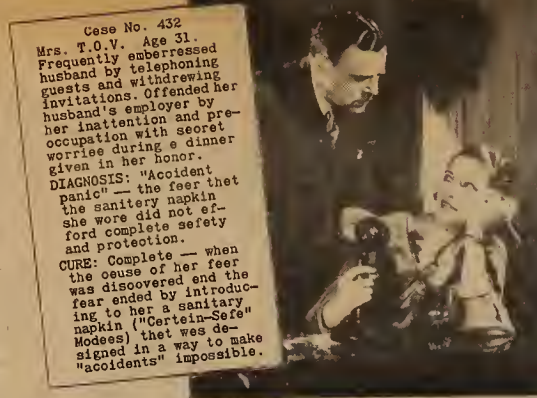
## Why do minds misbehave?

THE PSYCHIATRIST OFFERS TWO ANSWERS...



Case No. 296  
Miss O.H.F. Age 29.  
Teacher of English in high school. — Successful in her work — but tortured by belief that her superiors discriminated against her maliciously. Accused her favorite student of telling lies about her to the school principal.  
**DIAGNOSIS:** Paranoid suspicions.

**CURE:** Complete — when cause of fear was revealed in the course of psychiatric consultations. Her mental illness had its beginning in childhood, when quarrelling parents made her feel insecure, unsure of affection.



Case No. 432  
Mrs. T.O.V. Age 31.  
Frequently embarrassed husband by telephoning guests and withdrawing invitations. Offended her husband's employer by her inattention with secret worries during a dinner given in her honor.

**DIAGNOSIS:** "Accident panic" — the fear that the sanitary napkin she wore did not afford complete safety and protection.

**CURE:** Complete — when the cause of her fear was discovered and the fear ended by introducing to her a sanitary napkin ("Certain-Safe" Modess) that was designed in a way to make "accidents" impossible.

Even if "accident panic" has never haunted you... protect yourself against the possibility of an accident ever happening. Get a box of the new Modess today. Its name — "Certain-Safe" — tells the story... and you can look at the napkin and see why it's accident-proof:

1. Extra-long tabs provide firmer pinning bases... Modess can't pull loose from the pins.
2. Specially-treated material covers back and sides of pad... Modess can't strike through.

The day you buy Modess is the day you end "accident panic" forever!

**MODESS STAYS SOFT... STAYS SAFE**

Sherry Glenn says brother Bill is becoming a big star and is speaking at the Legislature this week, on acid rain.

Ingrid Kreslovskis, Vic student, is about to fail a calculus test which doesn't count anyway.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS DE SAINT MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

presente  
**LES BOULINGRIN**  
comédie en un acte de  
Georges Courteline  
et  
**L'AMOUR MEDECIN**  
comédie en trois actes de  
Molière

8, 9, 10, février 20h30 Vic Theatre  
Victoria College New Academic Building  
Entree libre  
Reservations: 921-3151, poste 306  
avant 17 heures

## MARDI GRAS!

fat tuesday!

## CARNIVAL!

All of these are different terms referring to the traditional celebration which immediately precedes Lent. The Newmen Centre (89 St. George Street) is sponsoring a Mardi Gras celebration on Tuesday, February 27, 1979. The evening will include a traditional pancake supper, entertainment and dancing. The fun begins at 6:00pm. Admission — a mere \$3.00. So, if you can't make it to the celebrations in exciting New Orleans or Exotic Rio, plan on **MARDI GRAS** at the Newmen Centre and join in the world-wide celebrations!

## THE CANADIAN RAINBOW

"I propose the adoption of the rainbow as our emblem. By the endless variety of its tints the rainbow will give an excellent idea of the diversity of races, religions, sentiments and interests of the different parts of the Confederation. By its slender and elongated form the rainbow would afford a perfect representation of the geographical configuration of the Confederation. By its lack of consistence — an image without substance — the rainbow would represent aptly the solidity of our Confederation. An emblem we must have, for every great empire has one; let us adopt the rainbow."

Henri Joly de Lotbinière, in the debates in the legislative assembly of Canada on the proposed scheme of a British North American Confederation, Quebec, 20 February, 1865.

Cindy Masters, Innis student says today (Feb. 6) is not a good day — classes all day and she has to go to the dentist for a root canal. Dr. Parks is her dentist and "Don't write about him in the article as he is the source of all my misery." Cindy went on the North Carolina exchange. "It's the best thing you can do. That's why January was a total write-off. People-wise they are just such friendly people and the forty people who went were really great. When we left you could only walk around feeling empty."

Janine, a St. Mike's student, in the middle of eating a piece of Innis' famous homemade strawberry rhubarb pie, says that the most absurd thing that has happened to her all week is being asked just that question.

Malley, also a St. Mike's student, has a class at Innis, INI 220, Canadian Environmental Issues (N. White). It's her class that has the bulletin board just outside the pub.

...THE INNIS MOSAIC







# IN THE CAGE

the

## cage



(Signal Corps photo)

Row of security cages at DTC with prisoners. A corner of Pound's cage, specially made of airstrip steel, is at the extreme left.

### in the cage

#### "The Imprisonment of Ezra Pound" (Part One)

BY BRUCE W. POWE

Dust: sun: heat: a sea plain in Italy, mountains in the distance: ten cages in a row, each six feet by six feet, heavily padlocked, surrounded by four towers, barbed wire, helmeted soldiers patrolling: each cage has a prisoner: murderers, rapists, thieves, deserters: in the tenth cage, an old man: white-haired, tall, thin, bearded, eyes intense, his face deeply lined: a prisoner, considered DANGEROUS — his cage is the only one with heavy airstrip metal welded over the galvanized mesh, and numerous jagged spikes — said to be a traitor, an incorrigible, condemned to silence, isolation, on the edge of a nervous breakdown: a poet. He is Ezra Pound.

This is May 1945. Roosevelt dead, Mussolini dead, the Allies sweeping through Europe, Hitler holed up in his underground bunker in Berlin, the Atomic Bomb not yet dropped. In the Detention Training Centre of the United States Army in Pisa, Italy, one of the great poets of the twentieth century is imprisoned. Alone, 60 years old, an exile, with only two books for company, Confucius and a Chin ese Dictionary, no contact with either family or friends, 'god-damned' and 'man-damned', 'a man on whom the sun has gone down.' The guards keep one bright spotlight on him all night. Sleep is not encouraged.

Three weeks of this and Pound cracks. The guards transfer him to a tent in the Medical Compound.

How had it happened?

As he recovered, Pound began to wonder. In the Medical Compound tent he was given food, clothing, blankets, a bed, a Bible, and, most important, a typewriter. He had time to think. What was it? What had brought him to this?

Pound had been both herald and ringmaster for the modern era; he was responsible for bringing James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, and Robert Frost to the public eye; he was a critic, a journalist, and the theorist of Vorticism, Imagism, and *vers libre*; he had made translations of French, Italian, and Chinese poetry; he was a musician and a composer; he was famous for his friendships with Hemingway, William Carlos Williams, and Ford Madox Ford; he had been William Butler Yeats's secretary before World War One and had brashly edited the older man's poetry — with the result, some say, of making Yeats (at last) 'a modern'; in fact much of what we now call 'modern' in twentieth century literature can be directly attributed to Pound's work and influence. How could it have happened that he ended up in a military prison?

In the tent, he wrote and reflected. He had notebooks for rough drafts: one page, on the right hand, for *Cantos* (his epic work in progress), the left side of the same page for thoughts and revisions: then he turned the book around and, writing in the opposite direction translated Confucius. Final drafts were banged out on a typewriter. And as he typed, he uttered a humming sound, 'high-pitched' a guard said, which was the chant he made while he composed. Thus in the midst of the inferno Pound translated two volumes of Confucius, *The Great Digest* and *The Unwobbling Pivot*, and wrote the great Pisan *Cantos*. And in them he slowly, painfully, recalled...

The American Government arrested Pound for treason, for the radio broadcasts made from Italy during the Second World War. He had been given the opportunity by the Italian government to do one hour every week from Rome, beginning in January 1941, 350 lire a show. The shows themselves were an erratic mishmash of economic theory, based on the writings of Clifford Hugh Douglas, anti-semitic cant, political analyses, and poetry. They were so confused (and confusing) that the Italian government thought he might be transmitting in code to the Allies. However, in Washington D. C., the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service listened in, and suspiciously recorded every word:

(Silence.)

(Sound of static, followed by an excerpt from a Vivaldi concerto.)

(Silence.)

(More static.)

Pound speaking.

Churchill hasn't had the brass to tell the American People why he wants them to die to save what...England is trying to starve the whole of mankind. And Mr. Churchill, and obstructors distress me by cutting off my normal mental intercourse with my colleagues. But I'm not going



The broadcaster: Pound in front of his Rome Hotel, 1941

to starve, I am not going to starve mentally.

'Europe calling. Pound speaking.

Europe, according to the financial news of London, must be wiped out or certain monopolies will disappear.

Will you look at the age of the chief war pimps? Roosevelt now says he saw war coming back in 1937. In 1937 there was no necessity for war. Roosevelt did all he could to make it inevitable. There is no record of a single act of Roosevelt's made in the spirit of staving off war. Ignorance of Europe. Government in charge of pigs.'

Over the radio, on the air Pound spoke in a variety of tongues: his voice was sometimes flat, pedantic; scolding tones were intermingled with southern drawls, western plainsman lulls with Cockney growls, Yankee twang with upper-class British sibilants: all mixed with Greek, Latin, Italian, and French: he was a master of imitation and the monologue: 'the ventriloquent agitator', Joyce called him in *Finnegans Wake*.

'Europe calling. Ezra Pound speaking.

Yes, Ezra Pound speaking, and I think I am still speaking a bit more to England than to the United States, but you folks may as well hear it. They say an Englishman's head is made of jow wood and the American head made of watermelon. Easier to get something into the American head but well-nigh impossible to make it stick for ten seconds.

"Pound speaking.

I can't say my remarks were heeded. I thought I got 'em simple enough. Words short and simple enough.

I have, however, never asked for any sympathy when misunderstood. I go on...

He tackled (and talked) of Eliot, Lewis, Cummings (ee), Cocteau, Joyce (when Joyce died in 1941, Pound said: 'may his spirit meet with Rabelais' ghost at Chinon, and may the glasses never be empty'), Confucius, Kublai Khan, Rousseau, Einstein, Celine ('he got down to reality'), Aristotle, Dante.



*'Pound speaking.*

*You are at war far the duration of the German's pleasure. You are at war far the duration of Japan's pleasure.*

*Esra Pound speaking from Rome.*

*My job, as I see it, is to save what's left of America and to help keep up same sort of civilization somewhere or other.*

*Europe calling.*

*Far the United States to be making war an Italy and on Europe is just plain damn nonsense, and every native-born American of American slack knows that it is plain down right nonsense.*

*'Europe calling.*

*This is my war all right. I've been at it for twenty years.'*

*In July 1943 a Grand Jury In Washington indicted him for treason.*

*'Pound speaking.*

*I suppose if I go on talking to you kids long enough I'll get something into your heads. If I go on pounding from day to day, every day and in every way, I will finally teach you kids why you get dragged into this war.'*

*He lost his thread at times, his control of his words, his voice. Was it that? The inability to hold onto his speech? A poet's ground is his language: a priori, poetry is a linguistic construct. What happens when a poet loses control of his own voice — the flow of the language? Some would call this 'automatic writing': where (and when) another voice briefly takes possession. Yeats wrote "A Vision" under those circumstances (or so he claims). Pound made broadcasts. Some might call this madness.*

*'Europe calling.*

*'You know nothing of the forces that caused the war. Or you know next to nothing. I am in the agonized position of an observer.*

*'Europe calling. Esra Pound speaking.*

*Well, you have been fed on lies, for twenty years you have been fed on lies, and I don't say maybe.*

*And who rules your rulers? Where does public responsibility end and what races can mix in America without ruin of the American stock, the American brain? Who is organized? What say have you in the choice of your rulers? What control of their policy? And who does own most of your press and your radio? EP asking you!'*

*In The Pound Era, Hugh Kenner reports that Pound used to take tapes of these broadcasts back to his home in Rapallo and listen to them. On the playback 'he found his own voice strange.'*

*'Pound calling.*

*O yes! Another ten or twenty-year war, between the United States and Slavic Russia. It'll start just as soon as this one shows signs of relaxing.'*

*(Brief excerpt from Vivaldi.)*

*(Crackles, hisses, a hum.)*

*(Silence.)*

*Then the collapse: the Allies drove up through Italy's boot: Rome fell: the broadcasts came to an end: and along with hundreds of other refugees, Pound went north to Rapallo. In 1945 the Americans came: two officers with machine guns. He was alone in his house, working at the typewriter when they arrested him. He slipped Confucius and a Chinese Dictionary into his*

*packet; he was not given time to write a letter to his wife. They handcuffed him to another prisoner (who was suspected of being a murderer and a rapist), drove him off in a car, to the Detention Training Camp, and the cage.*

*Which is history, the facts, as they say. His radio broadcasts — the poet is 'the antenna of the race' he had written in 1934 — were too much of a shambles to be clearly anti-American. A great deal of what he said was naive propagandizing for his own economic theory. Some of it is a desperate poetry. But mad? Pound himself had written in 1934 in the ABC of Reading that:*

*Before deciding whether a man is a fool or a good artist, it would be well to ask, not only: 'is he excited unduly', but: 'does he see something we don't?'*

*Is his curious behaviour due to his feeling an oncoming earthquake, or smelling a forest fire which we do not feel or smell?*

*The artist as prophet: a prophet of the coming madness; his insights are the doors of perception. The artist is the 'radar' of the race.*

*In the Detention Training Centre, Pound pondered his problems, his past and his present, 'a man with no future and a name to come', in the Pisan Cantos, a series as central to the modern era as Ulysses, The Waste Land, and Remembrance of Things Past.*

*They are an attempt at recovery:*

*From the death cells in sight of Mt. Taishan Pisa  
(Canto LXXIV).*

*In which Pound confronts his ghosts, the reality of the camp, the guards, and the other prisoners, and his visions of paradise — those haunting fragments taken from Homer, Ovid, Dante, the Bible, and Confucius. The poems are rampant with memory:*

*The Muses are daughters of memory*

*(Canto LXXIV).*

*The muses evoke recall: making present the past: memory is preservation and recreation: memory is tradition: tradition exists in the mind of the poet: and Pound's mind was an echo-chamber, resonant with history and poetry and ideas and images and people:*

*'...these the companions:  
Fordie that wrote of giants  
and William who dreamed of nobility  
and Jim the comedian...'*

*(Canto LXXIV)*

*Fordie is Ford Madox Ford, William is Yeats, Jim is Joyce:*

*'are to earth o'er given'.*

*And dead: now wraiths: conjured. There are more:*

*'and old Andre Breton  
preached vers libre with Isaiaic fury'*

*(Canto LXXXVII)*

*and (the procession continues) Dr. Williams (William Carlos, of Paterson, New Jersey). Aubrey Beardsley, H. J. (Henry James), Possum (T. S. Eliot), Mr. Bridges (Robert).*

*He remembered them all, forgiving and accepting:*

*nothing matters but the quality  
of the affection-  
in the end - that has carved a trace in the mind*

*(Canto LXXXVI).*

*From his tent, where he worked, he could see the road that led out of the camp, and the mountains in the distance:*

*and there was a smell of mint under the tent flaps  
especially after the rain  
and a white ox on the road toward Pisa  
as if facing the tower*

*(Canto LXXXIV).*

*And again asked himself why this had happened:*

*free speech without free radio is as zero*

*(Canto LXXIV).*

*He was not entirely alone. Sometimes a cat would visit:*

*Prowling night-puss leave my hard squares alone  
they are in na case cat food  
if you had sense  
you wd/ came here at meal time  
when meat is superabundant  
you can neither eat manuscript nor Confucius  
nor even the hebrew scriptures*

*(Canto LXXX).*

*There was dialogue, too: the talk of the prisoners and the guards:*

*Hey Snag wots in the bibl?/  
Wot are the books ou the bible?  
Name 'em, don't bullshit Me*

*(Canto LXXIV).*

*His ear for the murmur of men's voices as fine as ever:*

*Lo'in? I studies Latin.  
said the nigger murderer to his cage mate*

*'c'mon small fry, sd/ the smaller black lod...  
just playin'*

*(Canto LXXVI).*

*He would mark the days:*

*and when the morning sun lit up the shelves and  
battalion of the west*

*(Canto LXXIX)*

*and the nights:*

*O moon my pin up*

*(Canto LXXXIV).*

*and would reflect on his aging:*

*Old Ez folded his blonkets*

*(Canto LXXXIX).*

*But there were precious moments, moments that rose above his hell:*

*Serenely in the crystal jet  
as the bright ball that the fountain tosses  
(Verlaine) as diamond clearness  
How soft the wind under Taishan  
where the sea is remembered  
out of hell, the pit  
out of the dust and glare evil  
Zephyrus / Apeliota  
This liquid is certainly a  
property of the mind*

*(Canto LXXIV).*

*The transcendent mind moving into a realm of  
myriad visions and beauty and love:*

*First came the seen, then thus the palpable  
Elysium: though is were in the halls of hell,  
What thou lovest well is thy true heritage  
What thou lovest well shall not be refit from thee*

*(Canto LXXXI).*

*Strangely, in the midst of his personal disaster, The Pisan Cantos lift into a paeon to the imagination and the endurance of the human spirit. But there were also times when the poet felt*



the loneliness of death came upon me  
(at 3pm for an instant)

(Canto LXXXII).

and:

...in the caged panther's eyes:

Nothing. Nothing that you can do...

(Canto LXXXIII).

leading Pound to his ultimate humanist declaration:

Nor can who has passes a month in the death  
cells

believe in capital punishment

No man who wuh passes a month in the death  
cells

believes in cages for beasts

(Canto LXXXIII).

One evening, late, after Pound had been in the Detention Training Camp for six months, two officers appeared in the tent and informed him that he would be taken to Washington in one hour. There were few farewells: he had little to pack, so he boarded the plane quickly. He landed in Washington on the night of November 18, and was immediately placed in a District of Columbia jail.

He did not know that his season in hell was far from over.

When the trial finally began, Pound's lawyer, Julien Cornell, argued that Pound was not sufficiently 'in possession of judgement and of mentality to plead. I ask that he be allowed to stand mute.' The court ordered that the poet should be transferred to a Psychiatric Ward for examination.

He was examined by three doctors, who unanimously agreed that he was

...abnormally grandiose...expansive and exuberant in manner, exhibiting pressure of speech, discursiveness, and distractibility.

And:

In our opinion...he is now suffering from a paranoid state which renders him mentally unfit...He is, in other words, insane and mentally unfit for trial, and in need of care in a mental hospital.

Abnormally grandiose? Expansive and exuberant? Exhibiting pressure of speech? — These sound like a particularly nasty review of a hammy actor, or a petty student's description of a rather flamboyant professor. Perhaps William Carlos Williams hit it right when he wrote:

Esra Pound is one of the most competent poets in our language...He is also, it must be confessed, the biggest damn fool and faker in the business...He knows all this and plays it to perfection.

In the Soviet Union a dissident is often effectively silenced with internment in an insane asylum. The logic is impeccable. When the state assumes righteousness, the individual who runs against this must be (of course) crazy. Hence, 're-education'; by way of a spell in an insane asylum.

Which is not to be too ironic. The point is merely that Pound was a poet, who spoke out against war in a time when the entire world was raving mad. That his broadcasts were half-baked most of the time, filled with foolish indiscretions, and, on occasion, quite sensible, from the point of view of a thinker, and a man who had made all history the very fibre of his work, should not obscure the fact that Ezra Pound was deeply concerned about the role of the poet as prophet in society. He had a vision of a wrong and tried to rectify it. To the end he stubbornly maintained that he was speaking out of his loyalty to civilization. He saw the poet as being, amongst other things, a teacher — as one who supplies to his audience the means to navigate in a changing world. Pound's greatest sin was his inability to see that he had no audience. He was a prophet in a vacuum.

The immediate result of the trial of Ezra Pound

was censorship. Random House, under the editorial command of Bennet Cerf, tried to drop Pound's poetry from its *Anthology of Famous English and American Poetry*. Conrad Aiken, a co-editor of that book, lodged a complaint; but the pages were still dropped.

Meanwhile, Pound stood trial in February, 1946. The judgement was quick:

The Clerk of the Court: Mr. Foreman, has the jury agreed upon its verdict?

The Foreman of the Jury: It has.

The Clerk of the Court: What say you as to the respondent Ezra Pound? Is he of sound mind or unsound mind?

The Foreman of the Jury: Unsound mind.

The Clerk of the Court: Members of the jury, your foreman says you find the respondent Ezra Pound of unsound mind and that is your verdict so say each and all?

The Jury: Yes.

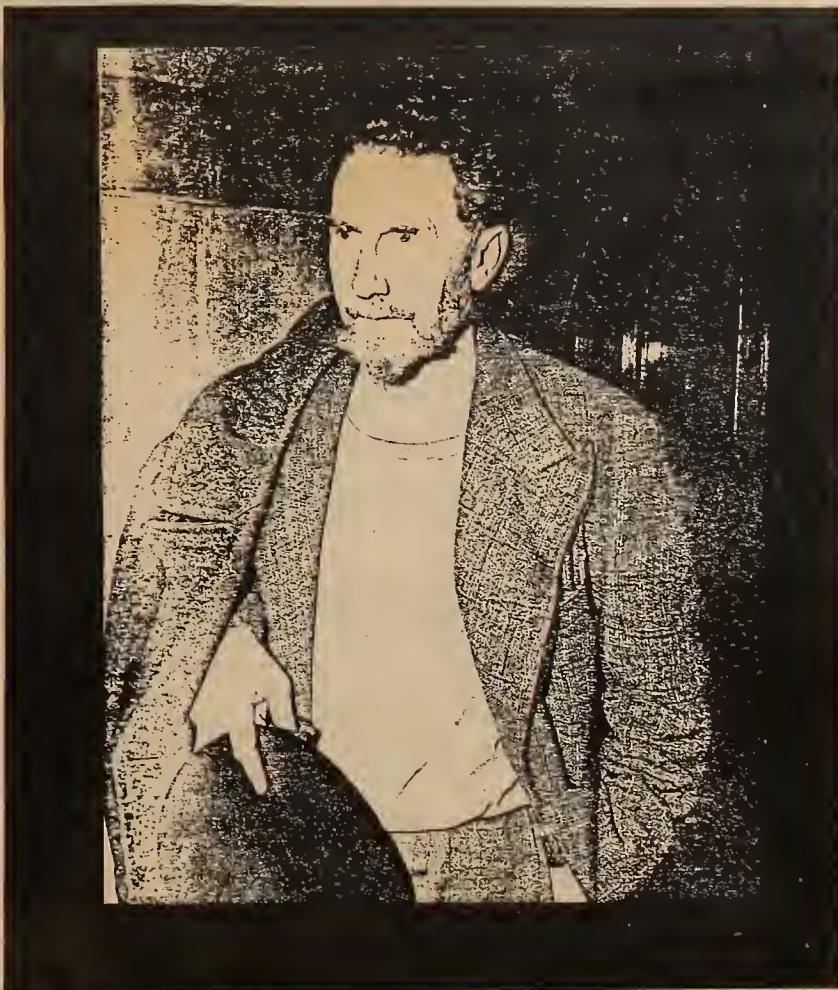
He was sent to St. Elizabeth's insane asylum in Washington D. C., where he was confined in the criminal lunatic ward, 'Howard Hall'. Alone, padlocked in his cell: in another cage: gratings at the window, a thick black door with nine peep holes cut into it, in three horizontal rows, through which he could see the lunatics in straitjackets and slippers: the hell-hole: filled with a stench of urine, sweat, and vomit, reduced to silence and endless pacing in the confined space: and faced with the grim possibility of a life sentence there among the insane, he wrote to his lawyer:

Problem now is not to go stark screaming hysteric... relapse after comfort of Tuesday...and mute. Olson saved my life. young doctors absolutely useless. must have 15 minutes sane conversation daily... velocity after stupor tremendous. enormous work to be done. and no driving force and everyone's inexactitude very fatiguing. Dungeon Dementia mental torture constitution a religion a world lost grey mist barrier impossible ignorance absolute anonymity futility of might have been coherent areas constantly invaded auto

Pound

(auto: help)"

## END OF PART ONE



Pound arrives in Washington after flight from Italy, 1945, in custody of U. S. marshals.



# MONEY DOES 'swear' it - 'nt talk it swear

BOB DYLAN

POST INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY

Eric Rhoer, Brown University

Social theorist Daniel Bell says that post-industrial society will be distinguished by higher levels of education, a growth in the white collar bureaucracy and a broadened social consciousness. If we deduce political implications from these socio-economic characteristics one finds that post-industrial politics is characterized by two features:

- 1) Increased political participation and
- 2) more extensive state regulation resulting in government growth.

Jacques Ellul, the French sociologist, says that the modern bombardment of information serves to terrify and confuse the average citizen looking in on the political process. With the vast array of growing interests those who are politically active will tend to be involved in specialized interest orientations rather than in a wide spectrum. Interest groups in Washington not only represent big business, labour, the elderly, air pollution and gun controllers, but even the Virginia Island Gift Shops Association has a lobby. The number of pressure groups have increased dramatically from approximately 8000 five years ago to 15,000 last year. Thus post-industrial politics is marked by the development of narrow, particularistic, highly motivated interest groups attempting to gain influence within a diffuse government apparatus.

The politician representing the traditional constituency finds himself increasingly unable to satisfy the many specialized needs. In industrial society the political party played the role of 'broker', seeking conciliation and compromise with broad, cohesive groups in return for a bloc of votes to be delivered in the next election. With the profusion of single interest groups, the party finds itself

overloaded, paralyzed and unable to negotiate with the saturation of demands. Post-industrial interest groups bypass the 'bargaining' mechanism of the political party. Due to their fragmented, highly self-confident nature they operate on short term self interest. Rather than seeking consensus, they tend towards ultimatums. These groups give politicians 'all or nothing' demands. They see every vote as a litmus test of the legislator's loyalty without regard for his overall voting record. Part of this is due to the refractory nature of post-industrial interests. For example, how can one bargain and say 'we'll accept 30,000 publicly funded abortions this year and no more'?

Within the competitive environment of opposing groups, the political resource which tends to be most effective as a means for gaining access to the channels of influence in post-industrial society is "money." The public interest group 'Common Cause' raised \$44 million last year and has more individual contributors than the Democratic Party. Post-industrial interest groups undertake a cost/benefit analysis assessing the various channels in the decision making structure. They then decide where their resources should be employed to effect the policy modifications which will be to their best advantage. Money is not a panacea, but rather a potential. If invested prudently one hopes to maximize political return. Bob Dylan once said 'Money doesn't talk, it swears' and in post-industrial society money swears in five dimensions.

1) As a campaign contribution money is a downpayment to encourage the candidate to mold the interest group message into his own likeness and campaign on its behalf.

2) Money is invested in an organized network of telephone calls, telegrams and letters designed to mobilize grassroots support and energize hundreds of

thousands of individuals who in turn bombard the decision makers with political pressure.

3) Information is an essential resource in defining a group's position before a congressional subcommittee. Interest groups will allocate funds into essential research and into the recruitment of experts in an effort to legitimize the group's cause.

4) Money can also be invested in blitz media campaigns to arouse citizens on behalf of certain interests. Persuasive advertising has the potential to mold individuals into such a cohesive force that politicians cannot afford to not take notice.

5) Money in the form of expense accounts is an invaluable entree in cultivating good will with politicians. By taking a congressman to lunch a lobbyist hopes that the goodwill created will provide easy access at a later date. As Will Rogers once said, 'We have the best Congress money can buy.'

There is no direct relationship between groups that have more money and those with the greatest influence. But given the profusion of highly motivated special interests and the fragmentation of government decision making, the fluid nature of money allows greater effectiveness in gaining access to policy decisions. Groups invest the political resources at their disposal in the channels they perceive will accomplish intended objectives. The resources that prove most effective will be emphasized and enhanced. The fierce competition between opposing groups, each investing large amounts to influence government policy, will tend to nullify or cancel out each other's investment. Thus more and more money is required to maintain the same level of influence.

Last year during the Energy Bill hearings in Washington, 117 different groups

testified in front of the Congressional subcommittee on natural gas pricing alone.

It is clear that small groups which have access to sizeable financial resources can wield enormous influence out of proportion with its meagre membership. It is easier to canvass a politician to vote against something than for it. Thus the profusion of these intense interests, saturating the system with narrow demands, may ultimately create a 'stalemate society'.

Currently, President Carter is trying to pacify special interest groups by offering their leaders symbolic high level advisory positions. In the short term the group's interests are suspended. But how long can groups be deluded by these policy smoke screens before they recognize the underlying government motives of 'creative inaction'?

The decision making process in the American system is swiftly grinding to a halt. In order to avoid paralysis, there are two hard choices which will have to be made and each has difficulties, if not impossibilities, in implementation. First, a tighter control on pressure group activity should be enforced, as suggested in the Lobby Disclosure Bill. But, as legislators try to get a better handle on lobbyists, the lobbyists show every sign that they are willing and able to get a more effective handle on legislators. In the first week of August-1978 the Lobby Disclosure Bill was promptly consigned to death.

The second alternative would be a rearrangement of the government system towards a more authoritative structure. With current liberal values and democratic ideology such an authoritarian pattern of social control would be decidedly unpopular.

In a system overwhelmed by the proliferation of highly motivated, special interest groups, spending enormous amounts to influence government policy, the issue at stake is nothing less than the future workability of democracy.

## PUCKSUCKER'S REVENGE

ORPHUS T. PUCKSUCKER

Greetings slush-lovers. Mid-season has arrived and while we watch the Leafs' slow decline into oblivion, the NHL overlords throw a few table scraps to the soiled mob in the form of a three game series pitting the league's all-stars against the Soviet national team. The ensuing debacle should warm the cockles of all right-thinking Canadian puck fans. But one must keep in mind the real reason for the whole show. The Soviets are here not to win yet another victory for Communism nor to prove that European hockey is faster, smarter and more skill-oriented than the North American version. This has already been done. Rather they are here for that great symbol of modern day capitalism—American dollars (immediately convertible to West German marks). One wonders why any real athlete would wish to subject himself to the sort of brutality that passes for North American hockey, but such is the dilemma of the modern totalitarian state; either this or the S.A.L.T. mines.

Nor, of course, is the NHL the good guy in this overhyped confrontation. Why do you think these games are being played in New York, and not Toronto, Montreal or Vancouver? The answer is simple; the New York market. The NHL Board of Governors still clings to the hope of landing a television contract with a major U. S. network. The American network executives are not stupid, in spite of the present programming. They know that hockey in the States does not sell. The sponsors would not touch it because the people do not want it. The game simply does not transfer well to the home screen. Also, one can never predict the actual length of the game as delays caused by incessant fighting can make a single period seem an eternity. Moreover, to the untrained eye even something as elementary as following the course of the puck can be a confusing and trying experience. Anyway, does the NHL really believe the network brass are so glibly as to be convinced that league games will supply the

calibre of play as will an all star/Soviet match?

Finally, is it even wise to hold this sort of game or series? What about the possibility of injury to established players? In the past all star set up the players floated in order to avoid any mishap. Nothing was at stake so why take any risks? This will probably not be the case in the February meeting. National chauvinism (even though the team is billed as 'Team NHL' we know where most of the players come from) is bound to raise the players to a higher pitch than the so-called 'exhibition games' played between the NHL and touring club teams. No series is worth an injury to a Darryl Sittler, Guy Lafleur or Brian Trottier, but these are risks that the benevolent owner will accept to win a television contract. Their greed is abhorrent...

I hope you enjoy the series...I know I'll be watching. Remember rubber lovers, in the words of Vlaslav Nedomansky, 'The East European Express Card, Don't Leave Home Without It.'





# INNISPORTS

## SNOW YOU CAN'T SNORT

Happy Winter! You know, all this snow and cold ain't all that bad, especially when we get a real blizzard and the University closes down. Wishful thinking! But winter has other merits as well, such as skiing, skating, tobogganing and glog. (If you don't know what glog is then you have never spent a winter in Scandinavia. Suffice it to say that is a hot beverage that really knocks off the icicles.) And naturally, the indoor sports have a special significance during the long winter nights, as I'm sure you all know — tee hee! And in this spirit the Innis Women's Volleyball team is entering another fabulous season.

This year, Anita Bredovskis, our Women's Athletic Rep, has gone all out and purchased volleyball shirts. Maybe this is the added incentive we needed. So c'mon gals (and guys) — let's put on our Innis shirts and show the world that we can play one sport without defaulting.

The men are well into the basketball season. They have played eight games so far, with varying degrees of success. They have won against two of the three top teams and that surely ain't nothin' to shake a stick at! Good luck, guys — you've got it, use it!

Innis has always been known to have a good hockey team, at least in the men's league. And so far this year has been no exception. I mean, a 3-3 split isn't all that bad! Besides, the team still has quite a few games to go, and the spirits are rising... So good luck, Mel and the boys.

For all you non-sexist athletes, our progressive (?) university offers co-ed sports. Broomball is played Sunday nights at Varsity Arena, and the team is in need of players. No previous experience is necessary. Knowledge of swear words, judo or karate is considered an advantage. Applications should be addressed to Mary

Lozowski, who is often found working in the pub/kitchen or c/o I.C.S.S. office. She can tell you about co-ed basketball, too.

The Innis Ski Day was a great success and I am sure that it will become another Innis tradition (especially if Mark Weisdorf is around!) Thanks Mark, for a really fantastic day!

Well so much for official data. I hope you will get into one winter activity or another — aside from essays, tests, sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

P.S. There is snow you can't snort...

TICKY PIIRONEN



### The Story of Goldymeane

(She was jung but easily freudened)

Twonce upon a tome thair were tree beyers, a frother beer, a mammy pear and a bably bore. Through the swinding woodsticks strawled the treed bars pigging days ease fortunably not hot to blow their cools over brickfast jist luping along outside by the furest frawlicking their chops over the bungalown chaps about to be cot lasked.

Later, having bad lock, they loked for goldygirle the gruelwolfer while the strawstricken shack was downfowdered for a chinchin dindin of hogsnaked and the hot huffed pigridge was cased at et too while the porkpacked wolflink was preying to hook some hocks at the ham maison residence.

Meanwhile, padward came the chair-bound barse and those mean bearstotted orolocks and tricked her goldbricking but the bedgirl was not pot cot like stewolf of the chimney slim sin with his droplap culinhairly repast the potpurreating porkease in his mortification to entree the coldron bling. No, the girl had knaver a

game back for those forensick butt genille bigs whom she was afreud woold rejoyce to hap over ever aft her.

### GUARDEN OF EATIN

Euphrasetease and Tigrist milling to riverune to reword Havvah and Mr. A. Kadmon, she ventually with a rib in her hair enabled the humerus race. Goodness knows she oughtn't tiff anguled his glans to loin the forbidden sea grit of the tree tabbot but thus she besidad too the metapharsharal reasoning of the dizzenyng mock a sin our winking waver.

Then in serpentine came madam to adam he barely hip to the victory in her mince at apple bossum time. Thus evie the waker vassal in roundyview with the uncoiled critter who gliethered inter her course uncovered herself discovered and losing for Adamm her as yet unaccomplished mate played a trip that piltdown the homo who wrecked us.

Hindu her harms unconscious of her kundalini he felled. Indra the underbrash they broiled, he like Humpy Dumbly wile

she egged him on sinnyside up though finly they panted by figishly hindning from the Loword.

On the obscene stared the Laird at the coy tush of topper his Adam the Kad and his asexory more aft of the crime. Parently A.K. couldnt stop puffing adder constrictor which fine dally gave his oomph a loss and the bitch botcher his feemale began to raise cain by an eccentrick and drumatically bass protrusshin of her buttonlist belly thus viping out any conda darwince with the prime eat.

'Ho ho' cried the Lored, 'whoa whoa' to the lurid pair through the hair of their sin bin din. 'Rout rout of my eden easterly blow my fallen twosome.' The victoring angel unscabbard his sorepoint and pricked the cuprats fall over the border to order their mortar for murder of bratar by brooder and to work in dearth on their minor plantasian doomed to reman panished for making a gigamess of the think thing barely mort in a pair a days.

ABE ZAP

# syllastonecutter notwriting syllastonecutter

## ROUGH DRAFT

There may have been a few desperate souls who have, for the lack of just about anything better to do, noticed the absence of this writers presence in numerous past issues of the Herald. On the other hand there may, and I consider the odds on this to be much higher, be those who have not noticed or even cared. For those of you in the latter category there is no point in reading beyond this particular sentence, since this column is written about why there has not been a column. A subject, if not sentence, which is repetitious at best. However, I do like to clear these little things up and for those of you that are left, explain to you the reasons for my long silence.

The reason is simple. I have taken up a new hobby and I have found that with judicious application, it manages to take up a great deal of my time. The hobby is that of Not Writing. I realize that for most people this would not strike them as a hobby, but rather in the nature of a lifetime occupation. This, however, is not the case with me. Since I am by inclination, if not by reputation, a writer, the very existence of my new hobby takes on rather ominous overtones to certain people. This is particularly applicable to those who phone me at sporadic hours of the night, when I am

seriously involved with my hobby, and demand that I write them something. I have always believed that individuals should have hobbies, that they are necessary for the relaxation of the soul; an opinion that the editor of this newspaper, amongst others, does not hold, and, is unfortunately, rather verbal about expressing.

It is towards the end of furthering hobbies in the world and aiding those who are into this particular hobby that I have gathered together some of the methods that have worked so well for me in the past.

One of the most common and usually the first picked up by any fledgling at the art is that of Talking about Your Writing. This not only accomplishes your main purpose, since by talking about it you certainly can't be doing it, but has the added advantage of fooling editors into the delusion that you might actually be doing it. Unfortunately, this only works for a depressingly short period of time, unless, of course, you add the refinement of showing them something. Over the years I have collected an extensive file of paragraphs, titles, drafts, and almost finished pieces that in times of desperation I can lay out in front of my editor.

The great majority of these pieces have already been published in these pages, but editors being

editors, very seldom recognize them.

Getting Drunk Because You Are Blocked works very effectively, especially if you get your editor drunk at the same time. The next day, while you are Having A Hangover, you can convince him that last night he really did extend your deadline to the next issue. I have been accused of using this one past any point of credibility, but I have only done so because it happens to be a favourite.

Falling In Love. This is not only extremely useful, but is sometimes even enjoyable. Not only are you caught up in the actual process of falling in love, but you also get to have long lunches at Gastons with Carol and Liz, telling them all about it. I have noticed that editors are rather unsympathetic to this one, probably because in order to understand it one must have a heart of some sort or another.

Falling Out of Love is not quite as enjoyable as the above, nor does the actual process take as long, but the lunches can often be stretched right through to dinner. Although editors are slightly more sympathetic to this one, I have come to the realization that their expressions of concern are often underlined with a giggling sense of glee that now that you are Alone you might actually write something.

Doing Your Laundry may sound mundane, but it does occupy a great deal of time and can be justified by saying that you meet the most interesting people in laundromats, all of which you may someday write about. I was very much an exponent of this theory until the day that one man requested various pieces of my dirty lingerie. Since that time I have come to the conclusion that there are just as many interesting people to be found at Fenton's and I can write about them someday instead.

The last is one that is only recommended to real aficionados of the art of Not Writing. Getting a Real Job works so well due mostly to the fact that employers have a tendency to actually want you at your job for eight hours. Although this can add many constructive hours to your hobby, it can seriously damage your social life. It has the greatest effect when it can be stated to your editor that you are really sorry, but you can't write anything because you have to go to work; not only do you have to go to work, but you are going to work that pays, a comment that more often than not shuts him right up, especially when he is also trying to borrow money.

SYLLA STONECUTTER



## GROUND

What about the end of degree granting colleges as new hidden ground at the university?

What about the notion of "more" as hidden ground at the university? Ont. Safety ads say "You've got it use it". Ontario Safety ads as hidden ground at the university?

## FIGURE

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

Colleges have an important role to play in meeting the needs of students and faculty members outside the classroom.

## GROUND

What about massive size beyond the human scale as new hidden ground for the university?

## FIGURE

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

It is essential that each college should be enabled to retain or to bring together an academic staff drawn from those departments in which the college and its students have or develop a significant interest, subject to the college's overall plans.

## GROUND

What about the Computer as new hidden ground for the university?

## FIGURE

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

To quote from the University's General Objectives, the learning and teaching function is "not merely a transfer of information, but has as its main object the intellectual, cultural, and professional development of individuals. Man's intellectual heritage must be communicated with an enthusiasm which will generate an infectious eagerness for ideas and a love of truth."

## GROUND

Is "job mart" a hidden ground at the university?

## FIGURE

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

Dean Kruger has told this committee that the Faculty of Arts & Science has two main objectives: to offer high quality instruction in the disciplines and to develop these disciplines to levels of excellence; and to offer students an education of lasting value.

## GROUND

What about the massive amounts of fluorescent lighting as a hidden ground in the new university?

What about the Computer as new hidden ground for the university?

## FIGURE

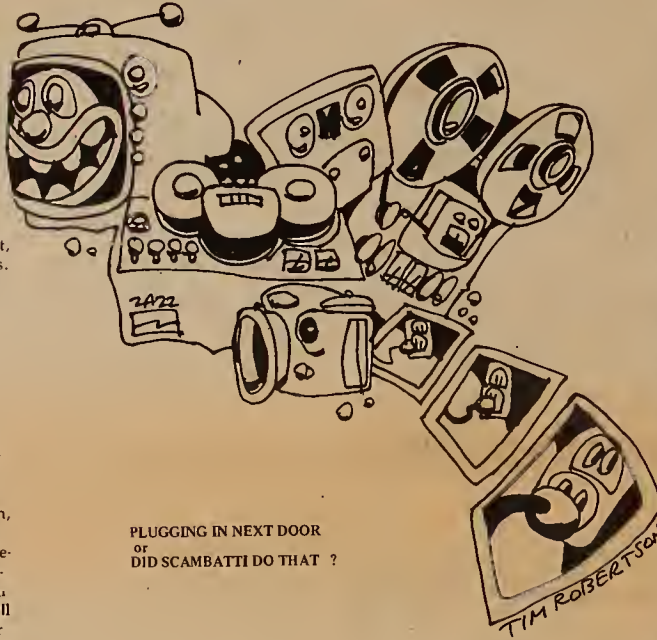
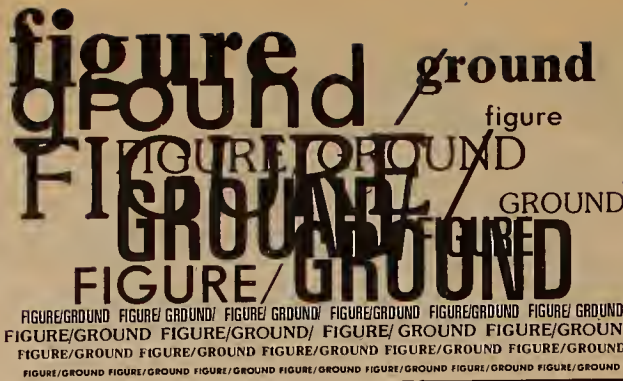
Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

A few examples: "More courses in the college, keeping classes small";

## GROUND

What about the Computer as new hidden ground for the university?

What about the course structure and exams as new hidden effects in the university?



PLUGGING IN NEXT DOOR  
OR  
DID SCAMBATTI DO THAT ?

The average person might feel intimidated about making his own music because holding a guitar is like driving a damn Cadillac; there's a whole lotta status involved in it. Why you can go down to the damn record store and buy a recording of the best guitarists in the whole world. You can make music with a lot of things and if a guitar happens to be standing there, great.

Now when I meet a person I'd like to say well have you got any tapes or video programs. Just like in the past when you'd have the photographer come around and take a picture with a great big mysterious box. Today there's nothing to it Christ I just took a picture with the Instamatic. So anyway why couldn't you say Hey Bub I just recorded a song about my dog and your neighbour says well I got one about my rent I'll go get it.

To make a record costs a lot of money but to make a tape with a 2-track is cheap and fun. Then you could go to the library and get copies of the neighbourhood classics. Just like when you live in a place like Britain and you go ten miles and the language is different and then you go another five and the language changes again. You sit down and drink some local beer from the local brewery and talk the local language to a real Local.

Why not have the sister or the great aunt or the friend's friend send you a copy of their own television program. Or maybe they could send you (like they send photographs in the damn mail) a copy of something that happens in their own area like Mr. Scambatti next door cussing out his dog.

Mass entertainment has lots of glamour but no fuckin' character. Local neighbourhoods are full of character. Better than the damn Osmonds. It would be great to listen to what other people have to say. It doesn't have to be a million dollar production.

Some of the great blues artists were just neighbourhood colour until they were discovered. They played what they played and did not depend on national or international standards, that seem to make everything so impersonal. And there's nothing so impersonal as going to a big concert. Unless it is exceptional, and then it really strikes home.

So maybe if you had a party you could have the damn television on with someone's video program in play and the tape deck is in gear with the barbershop harmony and suddenly all these electronics are personality oriented and feelings are being expressed and instead of vegging out in front of the tube the setup is a feedback system and you take a look at Sarah and you say did you do THAT? And she says Yep and you see a facet of ole Sarah that you never saw before. Like if you write a letter for the other person you read it back and say that sure as hell doesn't sound like me but when you write it for yourself its fun and it communicates.

## GROUND

What about architecture, architecture beyond the human scale as new invisible ground for the university?

What about the high private identity profile of faculty and administration and the NO identity of the student as hidden ground at the university?

What about the typewriter as new hidden ground for the university?

Ground is always percept and invisible...effect

What about the Computer as new hidden ground for the university?

## FIGURE

Figure is always opinion, theory, and concept... cause

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

Despite the adverse financial circumstances we believe that much more can be done than has yet been achieved to offer every undergraduate in arts and science a stimulating intellectual experience and a rewarding social and cultural environment through the college affiliation that he is required by statute to assume.

## GROUND

What about the student as hidden ground at the university?

Ground is always percept and invisible...effect

## FIGURE

Figure is always opinion, theory, and concept... cause

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

## Objectives

The objectives of the Memorandum of Understanding of April, 1974 were, in summary: to increase the incidence of the teaching of undergraduates in their colleges, thus reducing anonymity and improving the learning process; to develop distinctive educational programs and techniques

## GROUND

What about the committee as hidden ground at the university?

Ground is always percept and invisible...effect?

THE EFFECT IS ALWAYS PRESENT BEFORE THE CAUSE?

## FIGURE

Excerpt from the "Preliminary Report of the Collegiate Board Review Committee"

In October, 1973, President Evans produced a "Work Paper on Arts & Science Organization and the Role of the Colleges"; from this and the responses which it elicited, the group was able to develop a "Progress Report to the Academic Affairs Committee on the Role of the Colleges".

## GROUND

What about excessive 'pat yourself on the back' blab as hidden ground at the university?

What about ignorance as hidden ground at the university?

What about the Left Hemisphere dominant administration as hidden ground at the university?

What about the Right Hemisphere dominant student as hidden ground at the university?

Figure is an answer?

Ground is a question.

What about ignorance as hidden ground at the university?

What about ignorance as hidden ground at the university?

What about ignorance as hidden ground at the university?

What about ignorance as hidden ground at the university?

John Revolta



## THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO IS A DEAD FISH

## THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO IS A DEAD FISH

The university is dead. The university as we have it was developed to function in a kind of society, and with a kind of student that we no longer have with us. The end of the university, as it presently functions, is inappropriate. The computer is its coffin.

The end of the university—the purpose of academic study—was never job-getting. Our universities have been developed, in the main, with the assumption that students had long-range goals and ambitions, goals that might take ten or twenty years to accomplish. In this context, academic training was not particularly vocational except for the professions. Rather it was intellectual and a form of preparation for pursuing long-range goals. This is in no way related to immediate job-getting.

However, over the last fifteen years a revolution has occurred among the students

and it continues today. In the ten years I have been teaching undergraduates I have observed, as have my colleagues, a decided shift in students' attitudes to and expectations of what they expect from university education. Nearly all of the students I see in the classroom this year have no goals at all. None of them have long-range goals of the old pattern. (I am not speaking of the sciences or professions, though there is every reason to expect a similar shift in those areas, as all of the students come from the same culture.)

Students - the ones that I see as community college and university undergraduates - are not interested in becoming something by a protracted process. They want - and expect - to be something or someone now. To many, even the time it takes to graduate seems absurdly long. And, they expect, as a

result of getting a degree, to get a job (related to it) immediately. A job is not a goal.

Unfortunately, the computer reckons 'effectiveness' in the same job-placement terms, and so it is completely at odds with the received structure and intent of the university. Unless the computerization of academic life is halted or reversed a new aesthetic will result in which we are reduced to being merely a streamlined adjunct to the business community. Job-getting has no relation to the intellectual aims of academic training and study. To pitch the universities in this direction would be a cardinal error. It is precisely the wrong direction to take, and the wrong time.

It is time to dump our preoccupation with long-range goals, with becoming, and to concentrate, with our users, the studen-

ts, on being. It was this growing disparity that lay behind the cries of 'irrelevence' a few years ago. Student sensibilities had shifted to the new pattern and were no longer congruous with a structure derived from the assumption that the students were pursuing distant goals.

The time is now ripe to reestablish the medieval pattern of the university, not a place to take a series of courses, but as a place to be learned. This will involve dropping both the course-structure and that recent invention, the exam-system. What remains is dialogue and conversation, study and investigation, as remarked by Cardinal Newman in *The Idea of the University*. It has always been true that the real value of a university education lay in the conversations one had, and not in the courses one took.

UNIVERSITY AFFAIRS EDITOR

Harold Innis

Harold Innis



conspiracy to ignore these things.

China is detribalizing and acquiring individualism and western sensibility at a furious pace, if the recent exhibit of 'peasant art' at the ROM is any indication. Let their propaganda ministry veto the content all they want: the styles, the modes of perception, are those of a 1950's grade 12 art class and of Saturday Evening Post covers. Only two, at the most three, of the images in that show betrayed any realtion to the traditional Chinese feeling for space. For the rest, they were engulfed in perspective, fixed points of view, representation, vanishing points, the receding plane and other paraphernalia of western, literate art. This kind of evidence speaks more eloquently than the slight trickle of news reports we are fed by an untrained and indiscriminate press. Even they remarked last week on an 'official' revolution in the romanization of the 'Chinese language' due to their adoption of 'the so-called pinyin system to replace the Wade-Giles system' as the final move in a 'debate in China over the problem of romanization as a means of producing a phonetic system for a tonal language'. (Montreal Gazette, January 24, 1979)

The promise of this move, in Innis' and McLuhan's terms, is that of unleashing in this enormous culture the powers of private individualism and enterprise...and we know what happened in the Mediterranean—an explosion of civil war and global conquest. Again, this is a perfect opportunity to learn and observe the effects of media. In a culture halfway aware of its priorities and responsibilities, teams of hundreds should be working furiously on these matters. Here, at the home of Innis, who first made us aware of these matters, is there one person even interested? Or are our academics so rotten with self-concern that they cannot see beyond their computerized budget sheets? 'Man all wrapped up in himself makes very small package.' - Chinese proverb

Eliot Poundenstearn

BECAUSE THE U OF T

15

WAITING  
FOR

# GODEAU

Friday Jan. 12, 1979.

Phoned 'A' Space and they said that yes indeed they were sponsoring a talk by Hugh Kenner but that it wouldn't take place on St. Nicholas st. but at 'Art Metropole' at 217 Richmond St. west, 8:00 p.m. and \$2.00. A decent deal.

At 7:40 I got off the streetcar at Queen and Duncan and walked south on Duncan to Richmond through the old Toronto factory area now trying desperately to appeal to white painters. It is a truly desolate environment, especially in a January on standard time.

I found 217: a fluorescent tube lit single set of stairs behind your typical glass-and-aluminum-type door. Up the stairs to the first landing there was a similar but locked see-through door that posted 'Verkrijg Reproductions' in a sort of red trelaset on the glass. Behind this glass was most incongruous sight for this hideous winter night. Two large exotic birds. Two huge parrots or chickadees were vertically displayed on a full colour wall mural. At the bottom of this mural was a group of large but low and horizontal colour posters leaning against it, the front and visible one being 15 massive white draught horses galloping at the viewer through a marsh. And 'Art Metropole' was one floor up.

It turned out in part to be a kind of up-town porno palace. I picked up one magazine that had a nude woman (unshaven legs) on the cover holding a whip. Inside seemed to be one long interview on the best types of whip for flagellants to use and on what part of the body best to apply such. There were some Michael Snow books, foreign language texts, mags with cover pictures of Mick Jagger, Andy Warhol and other heroes of the nouveau-art-deco-nostalgia age. I approached a

sort of pleasant chap with a punk haircut to ask if Kenner would actually be speaking here as it just seemed to be a book store. He replied that indeed yes Kenner would be arriving shortly.

And so he did. Tickets came out, chairs suddenly appeared and in very short order a literary evening was under way.

Mr. Kenner, author, critic, Johns Hopkins professor and ex Varg editor, was introduced as one of the top three literary critics in the world, the other two also being Canadians, Norl Frye and Marshall McLuhan.

The readings and comment he gave had a particular organization and certainly often hilarious effect. Kenner dwelt on the grievances, humor, outrage and obvious stupidity of people juxtaposed with machines in the 20th century. Man at war with his inventions, at war with him with quotes and readings from Beckett, Pound, Eliot, Charles Babbage, Wyndam Lewis and others. He began reading from Malloy and Malone and the comic opera of man and bicycle.

After quite lengthy readings of man being rebored and seduced to hysterical levels of absurd and ridiculous behaviour because of pride in his own technology (in this case a bicycle), Kenner suddenly broke in with a story about a man called Godeau. Mr. Godeau (a real person) was a French bicycle racer in the days when amateur bicycle races from town to town were a popular thing. Mr. Godeau would consistently enter these races but he was never known to win. When the race was over a small crowd would gather at a certain intersection to wait for Godeau.

"This", Kenner said, "I got from Beckett himself."

MICHAEL RAINY TART





Harold Innis 1884-1952

## THE IDEA FILE

As the title suggests, Harold Innis kept a card file in two shoe boxes. The file was cross-indexed and contained ideas, notes on reading, and remarks on anything and everything. As Innis reached the mid-years of life, he was cut short by cancer (1952); at that time he was most interested in communication — the history and impact of the media on us.

I have chosen quotes from the idea file, randomly, as I browsed through it; verbatim as Innis wrote them down when reading or contemplating.

At present, the idea file is a loose manuscript (alphabetically arranged by topic) of 350 pages, copies are available in the U of T Archives and in the Innis College Reading Room.

### ELI MARCUS

...

Sociology of learning — oppressed groups such as Jews emphasizing learning as device for penetrating class structure or emphasizing arts generally literature, etc., involves constant disturbance on part of highly specialized class — Marx, Heine — Marx attempted to penetrate class structure by emphasizing class struggle.

...

Common law 'that ancient collection of unwritten maxims and customs.'

...

Law is anything 'boldly asserted and plausibly maintained.'

...

Tendency of law to become concerned with statute and juristic science to work on code hampers relations of law to life.

...

Problem of cost of law — if too cheap everyone can use it — mere introduction of suit an attack on character — high cost checks abuses but favours exploitation by lawyers.

...

Strong oral tradition evident in common law in contrast with written tradition of Roman Law. Oral tradition flexible and adaptable to demands — French revolution — Rousseau's general will — a protest against inflexibility of written Roman law tradition — United States written law — constitution protest against rigidity of oral tradition or of oral combined with written tradition — newspaper tends to keep written tradition linked to oral tradition — politicians problem of keeping close to oral tradition or of not losing touch.

...

Position of university as a destroyer of new ideas or as creator and destroyer of ideas — new ideas being taught lose freshness and vitality. University of Paris had restrictive effect on ideas — England escaped restrictive effect through separation of universities from capital and division between universities.

## IT COULDN'T PASS FOR CRAP ON KRYPTON

### ELI MARCUS

Cinema is a flexible medium that allows for leaps and bounds in logic and time, achieved by sophisticated editing techniques and camera perspectives. The REEL world is unique. The camera lens is less variable and versatile than the human eye; besides the fact that human vision is binocular (two separate lenses) and processed by a complex brain (sometimes). Cinema is a creative and powerful medium; one of high definition and precision, 1000 times sharper than TV, with better colour and more detailed content.

The producers of the new Superman movie must be narrow minded indeed since they failed to avail themselves of the vast mythical apparatus of cinema. The film is expensive, flashy, unoriginal, and totally tasteless. But why? Because you cannot make a realistic movie from a comic book; the direct jump is fatal. Granted an imaginative director or even a good screenwriter (Mario Puzo should stick to writing novels about organized crime) may have made the film bearable, but in the long run it simply is doomed.

Superman is an integral part of America. He is legend, folklore. The Superman myth grew and evolved over the years through a lot of feedback from readers and many retrospective episodes devoted to rounding out Superman's history. When a reader wrote in to DC Comics and asked a trivial question like 'was Superman ever married?', the next issue would contain an episode of some past freak event where Superman was married to some lucky gal.

The comic book image of Superman, like the TV image, is very cool and low in definition and calls for involvement on the part of the reader. Movies, on the other hand, are a hot, sharp and crisp image with realistic, brilliant colour. They are hot in the fact that movies have a high content definition. Comics evolve by single woodcut-like frames, fifty percent of which are often large hand printing. Films go by at twenty-four high definition photo frames per second.

**Remember! Everyone at Innis is paying \$25.00 (next year \$32) to run Hart House. The Hart House elections are coming up and Hart House is run by the people that you elect. Sixty seats will be open on nine standing committees for the term 1979-80.**

#### The standing committees are:

HOUSE  
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DEBATES  
FINANCE  
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FARM

#### RECREATIONAL ATHLETICS

**Nominations are open Monday, February 12, at 9:00 am**

**Nominations close Wednesday, February 28, 5:00pm.**

**Election day is Wednesday, March 7, 1979**

**For more information phooce 978-2446 or drop into the Hart House Program Office.**

**Let's see Innis dominate the elections!**

**In order to fully benefit Innis should have seats on every committee.**

**Nomination forms available at Hart House.**



Comic caricatures originated as a form conveying ideas quickly with a minimum of information — the opposite of movies, where information is maximized.

As is well known now, Wall Street runs Hollywood these days. The boys on Wall Street have put down 53 million dollars for Superman.

The idea of substituting these live actors for caricatures is absurd. The former implies a harsh, too well defined reality; the latter, a parable or metaphor. Real life actors and sets seem too silly, awkward and clumsy. They embody so much detailed information that there is no room for fantasy, dream or involvement. Everything is spelled out.

Despite the ads in the newspapers, you will not come anywhere near believing that a man can fly in this movie. George Reeves, in the 1950's TV version, could fly better. Jerome Siegal and Joe Shuster started a legend in 1938 that cannot live on straight film — the reel world — Superman is intangible.

Despite the ongoing multi-media collage of the evolution of Superman, i.e., comics, radio, TV, and now film, the myth still attracts the popular imagination, as current movie line-ups evidence.

The ongoing multi-media evolution of Superman, i.e., comics, radio, TV, and now film, notwithstanding, the myth still attracts a theatre line-up.

Still, I hope the boys on Wall Street lose their shirts!



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# The INNIS HERALD

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"Finally we must keep in mind the limited role of Universities and recall the comment that 'the whole external history of science is a history of the resistance of academies and Universities to the progress of knowledge' "

— Harold Innis



The Innis Herald is published monthly by the Innis College Students Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Co. Ltd. Opinions expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily those of the Innis College Students Society or the college administration. Formal complaints about the editorial or business operation of the paper may be addressed to The Editor, Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

## GSU CLEANS HOUSE

On Tuesday and Wednesday, January 23 and 24, Graduate Students voted in a new slate of officers to clean up the GSU. Almost 95 percent of the ballots cast were in favour of Abigail Young for President, Chris Stoat for Vice-President and Harold Schroeder for Treasurer. The referendum asking for the resignations of the current executive (non-officers) of the GSU was passed by a scarcely less overwhelming majority.

What provoked a GSU election and a clean up campaign? Eight months of factionalism, wrangling and in-fighting amongst the so-called 'Coalition for a Democratic GSU'. The Coalition's demise has been long, slow and inexorable. Unable to agree on any policy from cutbacks to graduate funding to save the GSU building, the GSU has effectively ceased to act as a member of the community, as this Executive's energies have been turned inward against itself.

The decomposition of the Coalition became critical in November and December as the President and the Treasurer resigned their offices. The former Vice-President, confronted with a six month back log in work, a stalemate in the Executive and a campaign of harassment in the press, resigned her office in order to provoke an election, and placed the referendum on the ballot.

The events of the last six weeks demonstrate the point to which the 'Coalition' has fallen:

One of the two remaining officers of the Executive was reprimanded by General Council in early December for obstructing the organization's functioning by withholding vital financial files from the other officer. On Wednesday, January 10 graduate students learned through an article in the newspaper that the Graduate Students' Union Secretary had sent a letter on GSU stationery to University of Toronto President James Ham requesting that the university administration place

the Graduate Students' Union in trusteeship. The letter was sent without the knowledge or approval of either the Graduate Students' Union Executive or its General Council.

The following day, a group of seven General Council representatives met and prepared a petition for an emergency General Council meeting. Under the Graduate Students' Union Constitution any five members can call a General Council meeting by preparing such a petition in writing. (By-Law 10, Section 6). This by-law specifies that the petition should be given to the chief executive officer of the Graduate Students' Union, the president.

In the absence of a President, that petition was presented to the Executive Assistant's Office where it was placed in the hands of two members of the Executive.

The Emergency General Council meeting was ruled 'unconstitutional' by the Chairman of the Council on the basis of this technicality. The Council proceeded to meet, to determine that it had been properly constituted and to elect a Chairman — but not to conduct business owing to the concern of the members that many people had been prevented from attending by the notices in the press and an anonymous phone call campaign. The Council adjourned its formal session and produced the following petition at an 'informal meeting' immediately thereafter.

We, the undersigned members of the Graduate Students' Union General Council, wish to state that the right of the General Council to conduct its own affairs and the right of General Council members to call General Council meetings are inalienable rights enshrined in the Graduate Students' Union Constitution. The Graduate Students' Union General Council is the mightiest legislative and judicial body of the Union and a violation of its

rights and the rights of its members is a most serious violation of democratic process in the Graduate Students' Union.

The GSU Council session of January 25 was prevented from dealing with the issues raised by this letter by the filibuster tactics of the Secretary and his dwindling following. The Council was forced to consider a second letter from the Secretary to the Ombudsman, however, as the unionized staff at the GSU brought notice to Council of their intention to seek legal recourse for the Secretary's allegations against their work in that letter. The Council apologized to the staff for this blatant violation of their collective agreement and will consider both letters at its next meeting on February 1.

A final note. The allegations of financial impropriety against last year's executive have at long last been laid to rest by the official auditor's report. The alleged \$40,000 deficit run up by that executive had in fact been revealed as a \$9000 underspending of last year's budget. The \$40,000 figure was largely based on a tallying of the accumulated debt of the GSU Club and the GAA to the GSU over the past six years. These accounts receivable, not payable, have been written off as part of a settlement of the outstanding accounts between these graduate student organizations. The GSU has a total of \$7000 outstanding at this time, and the auditors gave the organization a clean bill of health.



### A LIP PLUG FOR THE LIGHT WITHIN

AT THE OPENING OF AN EXHIBIT  
OF PAINTINGS OF  
NORVAL MORRISSEAU



Location: 22 Scollard — The Pollock Gallery, Morrisseau Exhibition opening...

Time: Saturday, January 27, 1979, somewhere between 4 and 6 p.m....

Morrisseau: ...I listen to the spirit...

...I have 6 wives because it gives me time for myself...

...People get up in the morning and turn on the radio or TV and go out and get in their cars and go to work and THAT is who they are. WHAT THEY DO!

Scharfe: What are these lines, these exterior lines?

Morrisseau: Power lines.

Scharfe: And this looks like a light bulb and this too.

Morrisseau: Ha ha ha ha...I never looked at it that way before... This one is ON and this one is OFF.

Scharfe: And here these look like light bulbs too!

Morrisseau: Yeah, they are the blinking lights.

Scharfe: Maybe these are the fuses?...What's this information in here?

Morrisseau: Stomach, ribs, bones...

Jack Pollock: (Interjecting, holding a small plastic jewelry box) Mr. Morrisseau!

Morrisseau: Mr. Pollock!

Pollock: I have something here for you, it came in the mail earlier. It seems that when they award you the Order of Canada they send you this until you receive the real thing from the Governor General...

Morrisseau: Oh, what a pretty flower.

Pollock: I think it's a pin or a tie clip uhh...

Morrisseau: It's a nose ring...a lip plug.



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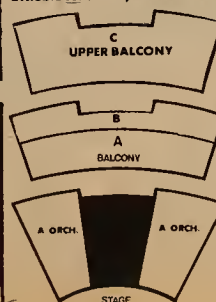
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